# Spicy Sweet

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# Spicy Sweet

by Miken

Summary

Will goes MIA after they spend a night together – Hannibal is not pleased. Good thing Will knows a way to redeem himself.

[...]"Do you feel you've earned my forgiveness?" asked Hannibal.

The Omega lit up and a devilish smile appeared on his flushed face. "I think I can convince you."[...]

Notes

Many thanks to my beta for this fic, The Kindly One!

Hi everyone :) This piece is part of a series, so I suggest you go check the first one before starting the reading - even if there's really not much plot going around here.

Enjoy!

See the end of the work for more notes

Hannibal nodded his head at the woman in front of him, hiding his boredom behind a polite smile.

Kathrine Devenroff was an old friend of the Lecter family and she had helped Hannibal and his sister when they first came to America. Unfortunately, she was also fond of hideous perfumes and gossip. Hannibal had mentally granted her half an hour of empty chattering before he'd allow himself to find an excuse to escape, but she really was testing his patience – and his nose.

He took a sip of wine and let his eyes slide to his left. Not far away from him, Will was chatting with two elderly women.

Hannibal let his eyes travel up and down the lithe form of the Omega boy. Will was wearing a black tuxedo, simple but clearly custom-made, since it fitted Will's body like a glove. In a perfect Omegan style, it enhanced Will's natural curves without looking too feminine. It also hugged Will's round ass in the most delectable ways.

Hannibal, having tasted first-hand just how delicious Will's ass was, couldn't help but applaud the tailor's skills.

Now, if only Hannibal could find a way to put his hands on Will again...

The morning after, Hannibal had woke up to an empty bed and a note - Will had forgotten he had to meet Mischa and help her with the last details, but he promised to go looking for Hannibal the moment he was free.

Too bad the two of them had not be alone even a moment after that.

The part of his mind that was paying attention to Madame Devenroff registered a change in her voice and Hannibal's mind focused on her again.

"... I really can't understand. What do you think, Hannibal?" asked the woman, looking incensed.

Well, looked like time's up.

"I'm sorry, Madame, but I don't know either." He said, affecting contrition. Then, glancing behind the woman, he raised his eyebrows.

"Please, forgive my rudeness, but Mischa is calling me." He lied, standing and putting his glass down before the woman could complain.

Madame Devenroff blinked, clearly surprised by the abrupt interruption, but she recovered fast. "Of course, dear. Hurry and go, today is your sister's special day, after all." She said with

a wink.

Hannibal left a kiss on her hand and gave a surreptitious look around. Will wasn't in sight anymore, but Mischa actually was. With a sigh, Hannibal strode in her direction.

Her wedding dress was cream in color, tasteful and elegant, bought in a Parisian boutique – a gift from uncle Robert. Lady Murasaki had accompanied Mischa to choose her dress, in a show of support toward her niece's wedding, since she had refused to come to the actual ceremony.

Her make-up was very natural, merely bringing out her exotic features. Like Hannibal, she had high cheekbones and dark eyes, but her hair was almost mahogany in color and her skin a paler shade than his.

She looked stunning. And annoyed.

She was talking with a man he didn't know, but judging from her expression when she saw Hannibal approaching, she wasn't going to mind being interrupted. Not that she was showing her irritation – just like Hannibal, Mischa had learned early on to mask her emotions. But, to her older brother, she was an open book.

"Ah, Hannibal!" she exclaimed with forced cheer. "Have you met Mr Zhu?"

He had not. The two men exchanged the usual pleasantries and, luckily, Mr Zhu excused himself almost immediately. As soon as he was out of earshot, Mischa sighed.

A waiter approached them and Mischa grasped a glass of champagne from his tray without even looking at him.

Hannibal didn't bother to hide his smirk when she knocked it back in one go.

"I'd ask how are you faring, but I guess I don't really have to."

Mischa glared at him for a moment, then sighed again.

"I'll be happy when this circus is over and all these clowns are gone." she said under her breath, still showing a genial smile when someone called out for the bride.

"And where is the groom?" he asked, taking a glass of champagne for himself.

"On the phone with Beijing or something."

Hannibal wasn't sure if she was angry or not at her husband, but he was feeling generous enough to change the topic.

"Are you too tired to dance with me?" He chose to ask instead.

Mischa looked up at him, unimpressed. "Is this the way to ask?"

Hannibal huffed a laugh.

“I apologize, you are right. Would you do me the honor of dancing with me, my beautiful sister?” He rephrased, adding a little bow for good measure.

Mischa sighed, looking put upon, but smiled nevertheless.

“I guess.”

The orchestra was playing a slow song and Hannibal and Mischa mingled with the other couples on the dance floor.

“I’m not even angry he’s working on our wedding day,” said Mischa after a few moments of silence. “I know Bryan's first priority is his job. I’m pissed because he left me to deal with all his pompous friends.”

Understanding she just wanted to vent, Hannibal merely hummed. Meanwhile, his eyes were scanning the hall, looking for Will - with no luck. He knew by now that Will didn’t like crowds, but there was no place to hide around there, so he was starting to think that the Omega had already escaped the banquet.

“I feel so neglected that I’m starting to think I should hurry and find myself a lover.”

That got his attention and Hannibal stared at Mischa, incredulous, but she just shrugged.

“Why not? I could find myself a cute, little Omega. Young and sweet.” She sounded lighthearted, but Hannibal felt alarms go off in his mind. “But not too young. I wouldn’t want to get myself in trouble.”

“Sounds like a plan.” he observed coldly, hoping she would just drop it.

No such luck.

“I knew you would agree with me.” she scoffed. “After all, you like your meat fresh.”

The remark was as cutting as it was unexpected and, for a moment, Hannibal felt torn between fury and amusement.

“I am so lucky my sister knows me well.” He murmured in their native language, voice devoid of any emotions.

Like a Pavlovian dog, at this particular tone of voice Mischa tensed up, her pupils dilated and her Adam’s apple bobbed convulsively. A second later, a sweet smile appeared on her face and she lowered her head a bit. She sounded tremulous when she said - in Lithuanian, “I do. And, because I love you, I wouldn’t want you to get caught robbing the wrong cradle.”

Mischa was an Alpha, too, but growing up as Hannibal's younger sister had taught her to be quick in appeasing the strongest predator in the room. Hannibal could never be angry at her for too long, though, and, in this instance, he understood she was worried about anything ruining her marriage. After all, she had worked hard to catch herself a rich husband.

After a beat, Hannibal softened his posture and he heard his sister exhale softly in response.

The tense exchange hadn't disturbed their rhythm - they both had taken dance lessons since childhood - and it was no hardship for Hannibal to get lost in thought while still moving with fluidity.

He had no idea how much Mischa really knew. He doubted Will had told her anything – after all, if the Omega had really wanted to cause problems, he'd gone to his father. Sure, Will's crush for Hannibal had been blatant, but was it enough to make Mischa suspect? Had *Hannibal* been obvious in his interest for the Omega?

He suppressed a sigh. No point in worrying, at least until he could have a talk with Will.

Almost on cue, the song came to an end and Hannibal stopped moving, forcing Mischa to a halt mid-step.

"Don't worry, sister dear." He said, kissing her forehead. "I won't get caught robbing any cradle at all."

Mischa pursed her lips but acquiesced quietly.

Satisfied for the moment, he left her to her husband, who was once again entertaining his guests, and made his excuses. He had prey to catch.

A quick look confirmed that Will really wasn't there anymore. Where could he had gone? The answer was so simple Hannibal berated himself for not thinking of it sooner.

Hannibal opened the door of his room and his eyes confirmed what his nose had already told him when he was still in the corridor outside.

Will was there, sprawled on the bed, phone in hand. He had took off his jacket and his shoes, but was otherwise clothed.

Hannibal had no idea how long the Omega had been in his room, but his sweet scent was already permeating the air. His Alpha side was already growling in anticipation, but this time around Hannibal was not going to be led around by that minx.

He took a step inside and closed the door behind himself.

"Finally." Drawled Will, abandoning his phone in favor of smiling up at Hannibal.

Hannibal walked slowly to the side of the bed and observed as the Omega rolled on his back, stretching like a cat. With his arms tossed over his head and his legs sprawled open, Will looked like an offering to the gods. Hannibal swallowed another growl, but it was hard to resist the allure of the young, willing Omega in front of him.

"It's very rude to enter someone else's room without their consent." murmured Hannibal in a mild voice, pinning the Omega with a heavy look, satisfied to see him squirm under his gaze.

Will looked a bit taken aback – clearly this was not the reaction he had anticipated – but he regained his composure quickly. He sat up on the mattress and crawled to the edge of the bed, toward Hannibal.

“My bad. I just couldn’t wait to see you.” he said, kneeling on his heels and raising his head to face Hannibal. “Am I forgiven?”

The action had put his neck on display, his fruity-sweet Omega aroma stronger than before, his back arched just so to show off both his small breasts and his ass. His attempt at seduction was blatant, but Hannibal felt himself stir in his pants nevertheless.

However, he was also curious to see how far Will was ready to go to win Hannibal over. Hannibal took a surreptitious sniff, to make sure his own pheromones weren’t already betraying him, restraining himself from reacting to the abundance of *Will*’s pheromones in the air. Reassured he wasn’t giving anything away, he put his hands behind his back – to physically distance himself from the boy – and said, disdainful, “No. I don’t abide rudeness.”

Will recoiled like he had been slapped. He bit his lip and Hannibal idly wondered if the Omega was going to finally act his age and leave then and there, slamming the door behind himself. Will’s gaze indeed lost their flirtatious quality but, instead of fleeing the room in a mortified rage, he pinned Hannibal with a calculating look. Hannibal would’ve missed it if he had so much blinked, because suddenly Will was back to his provocative demeanor – like Hannibal’s aloof behavior hadn’t affected him at all.

Like he had seen through Hannibal's act.

There was even a little smirk on his lips when he leaned forward and breathed against his dick, “Mmh... What can I do to make you forgive me?”

Hannibal stared down at Will, motionless, really *looking* at him for the first time. He had already inferred that there was more to Will than what met the eyes, but – for a moment there – Hannibal thought he glimpsed something else. Something darker and way more interesting than all the coy glances and shy smiles.

For Hannibal, the idea that this boy could be able to actually *see* him was even more arousing than his Omega’s sensual body.

“What do you suggest?” he asked calmly, even if his dick was already half hard and – given his current position – Will had to be conscious of it.

Will grinned, his eyes full of mischief, and mouthed at him through his clothes.

His sharp intake of breath was all Will needed to start unbuckling his belt.

Hannibal stayed motionless, not helping nor stopping the Omega, merely observing his every move. When Will finally got rid of his trousers and pants, his eyes grew big. Hannibal took a deep inhale, savoring the sudden spike in Will’s scent.

“You’re so fucking big.”

The hushed awe in Will’s voice was so undeniably genuine that Hannibal couldn’t contain a huffed laugh. Will gave him a brilliant smile and Hannibal broke his stillness to caress the Omega's curls.

“It’s not the first time you've seen it.” observed Hannibal, amused.

Will hummed and murmured “Didn’t get a good look last time,” before firmly grasping the Alpha’s dick to drag his tongue from base to tip.

Will's appreciative hum didn’t manage to cover Hannibal's soft groan.

“Tastes good, Alpha.” shamelessly moaned Will, beautiful green-blue eyes shining with excitement, before sucking on the tip.

Will didn’t possess much of a technique, he was sloppy and over-enthusiastic, using his hands where his mouth couldn’t reach. But he was clearly enjoying it.

Almost mesmerized by the sight of his dick appearing and disappearing inside the boy’s mouth, Hannibal sunk both hands into the Omega's soft curls. He used his long fingers to massage the scalp and guide his movements.

Every time Hannibal kneaded his head, Will would hum against his dick; when he pulled his hair, the Omega shuddered. His responsiveness and eagerness were even more of a turn on than the act itself.

The Omega's face was blushed, his pouty mouth obscenely stretched over his girth and Hannibal couldn’t resist teasing a thumb over the corner of the Omega's lips. There was no way it could fit inside his already stuffed-full mouth, but Will tried anyway, almost choking for the trouble.

Yet, Hannibal felt the Omega deserved a reward for trying.

With Will kneeling on the bed, his chest was at the right height for Hannibal to touch his tits. When Hannibal's hands closed over the small mounds, groping from over the shirt, both him and Will sighed.

They were as firm under his palms as Hannibal remembered, nipples so hard they were pocking the palms of his hands – like they were begging to be pinched. So Hannibal proceed in doing exactly that, closing thumbs and index fingers around the nubs, rolling and tweaking them.

Will made a strangled noise and pulled away, coughing, and Hannibal took the chance to take a calming breath away from the Omega's hot mouth.

His coughing fit was barely over when Will climbed onto Hannibal to kiss him. Hannibal staggered under the unexpected assault but managed to hold up both himself and Will.

“Fuck me, now? Please...” Begged Will, peppering kisses all over Hannibal’s face.

Hannibal's hands spasmed over Will's ass, where they'd flew when Will had jumped him – not that there was any need, seeing how tightly Will was clinging to him.

Hannibal forced Will to stand on the bed and studied the Omega in front of him. Will looked ready to explode: trembling, face aflame and teary eyed, hands still on Hannibal's shoulders to hold himself upright on the mattress.

"Should I? Do you feel you've earned my forgiveness?" asked Hannibal - a rhetoric question, really, since he felt ready to explode.

The light mocking snapped Will out of his frantic state, though. The Omega lit up and a devilish smile appeared on his flushed face. "I think I can convince you." he said, jumping on the floor.

Curious and amused by the boy's antics, Hannibal let himself be pushed down to sit on the bed and, at Will's request, he closed his eyes.

Hannibal could hear the rustling of fabric – most likely Will taking off his clothes, which was kinda disappointing... he had hoped to strip Will himself.

"Today I had to make a last minute run into town for the wedding," Will was saying. "And I thought to buy something for the two of us to enjoy together, if you'd let me. You can open your eyes, now."

Hannibal did as instructed and his smile froze on his lips.

Will was standing in front of him, wearing... lingerie. Lacy, see-through white lingerie.

The design was pretty simple, but the material was so sheer it seemed like the Omega was wearing a cloud. Will's dark pink nipples were perfectly visible through the fabric of the bra, while the panties hugged the sweet slope of the Omega hips and did nothing to conceal the Omega's hard little cock.

Then Will turned around and Hannibal stopped breathing altogether. The back of the panties consisted of a thin strip of fabric that completely disappeared between the cheeks of Will's ass. The marks left by Hannibal during their previous encounter were still visible on the Omega's skin and Hannibal could easily make out the imprint of his own fingertips on Will's hips, buttocks and upper thighs.

"Do you forgive me now?"

Will's voice somehow reached Hannibal's mind and he tore his eyes from the round ass to Will's face.

The Omega was looking at him from over his shoulder, smug like the cat who ate the canary.

Instead of answering, Hannibal stood up and stalked to the Omega, letting the Alpha, the predator inside of him, take the lead. A young, ripe Omega was standing in front of him and his instincts were telling him to devour it.

Will had to realize the change in Hannibal's demeanor, because he inclined his head in submission, showing his neck, and mewled, “Please, Alpha.”

The next moment, Hannibal had picked up the young Omega and was kissing the breath out of him. He ground his hard dick against Will’s crotch, growling when that ridiculous strip of cloth prevented him from thrusting up inside the Omega's already wet hole.

The Alpha dropped Will on the bed and, before he could do anything, the Omega rolled on his front and positioned himself on his knees, face and shoulders pressed against the mattress.

The perfect image of an Omega presenting for his Alpha.

Hannibal took only a moment to appreciate the view in front of him before he was moving aside the slick-drenched string covering the Omega's hole and was thrusting his dick inside.

It was a tight fit, but the Omega was so wet he managed to smoothly slip in until he was balls deep. He let out a satisfied groan and heard a little whimper echoing it. He covered the smaller body underneath his and kissed the Omega's nape and shoulder.

“Am I hurting you?” he asked, not stopping his thrusts but letting his hands wander to Will’s chest.

He pulled down the cups of the bra, letting the little tits hang free for a moment, before he started to massage them.

He ground his hips in time with the movements of his hands and, moments later, the Omega opened his eyes to look at him and said, “Harder.”

With a feral grin, Hannibal straightened and, feet firmly planted on the floor, started pounding the Omega's ass.

Will was moaning loudly now, inner muscles fluttering delightfully around the Alpha’s dick, and Hannibal gripped his hips harder to guide the Omega's movements to his convenience.

After this, Hannibal was sure there would be new bruises on the Omega’s delicate skin, and that thought made him growl in possessive satisfaction. The answering groan of the Omega spurred him to thrust faster.

Soon, Will's moaning took on a frantic quality, calls of “Alpha” and “Hannibal” more and more urgent. He felt the Omega convulse around him before he heard Will scream.

Hannibal slowed up just enough to pick up Will’s trembling body and held him tight, an arm around his chest and another around his hips. It didn’t take long for Hannibal to come, teeth latched on the Omega's shoulder to muffle any sound.

When his legs started to tremble, Hannibal lowered Will on the bed and crawled beside him.

For a while the silence was disturbed only by their heavy breathing, then the Omega rolled on his side and smiled up at Hannibal.

He looked ravaged with hair a mess, his lips bitten and swollen and his breasts still spilling from his bra.

Hannibal felt desire tighten his guts, but there was no way he could get hard again so soon. So, he did the next best thing he could think of – he pinned the young Omega to the bed and kissed him stupid.

When they emerged from the kiss, Will's eyes were unfocused and Hannibal felt a swell of pride.

“So... you like lingerie, mmh? Duly noted.” Said Will with a little, proud smile.

Hannibal huffed a laugh and kissed the boy again.

End Notes

Hey guys, hope you liked this one :)
I was thinking about writing another story for this series, what do you think?

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!